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AMERICANS NEED NOT STARVE.

FOOD RIOTS in New York at a moment when jobs are looking for men, wages increasing and profits piling up at an unprecedented rate all over the country, are a symptom that cannot be dismissed with philosophic talk about economic balances and advice to hungry people to go on cheaper diets.

Measured by the average income of Americans whose pockets are not bulging with war profits, no diet just now is cheap. Directly housewives boycott one article of food because it is too costly, other articles to which they turn become costly also.

The plain fact is, despite all care, economy and self-denial, a dollar puts less and less food on the family table. So rapidly does the diminution progress that people who must make a dollar work for them as hard as they work for it begin to ask how long it will be before they have to put themselves on famine rations or eat every other day.

All this in a country which has always produced an abundance of food for its own needs with plenty to spare for other nations! All this in a country which at the present time is almost unbelievably prosperous, where each day's news is full of announcements of enormous industrial earnings and record dividends.

Is it any wonder that the public becomes first bewildered and then desperate? Is it any wonder that ignorant and excitable women tip over pushcarts or pour kerosene on potatoes offered them at prices cruelly far above their reach?

It is true, destroying food makes it no cheaper. Nor does threatening to starve to death on the steps of the City Hall fill market baskets.

But what sign or promise of relief has been granted to people for whom present conditions mean actual hunger? Investigations, inquiries, legislative programmes—what have they so far amounted to?

Despite all arguments why food prices need not, should not, and must not go higher, **THEY HAVE GONE HIGHER, AND THERE IS NOTHING IN SIGHT TO KEEP THEM FROM GOING HIGHER STILL.**

Explanations are offered which do not explain, remedies are proposed which cannot remedy. Scarcity is blamed. Over-accumulation in storehouses is blamed. Speculators are blamed. The railroads are blamed.

No authority—local, State or National—has yet managed to measure the situation or get even a half grip on it.

No one can set forth evidence to show that actual scarcity of food in the United States accounts for so much as one-tenth of the alarming increase in prices.

On the other hand the policy of certain patriotic American food producers and food handlers who have seen no reason why war prices in Europe should not mean war prices—and profits—in the United States, has been notorious. Where does the law reach them or discourage their rapacity?

A Massachusetts commission, after puzzling over "the underlying causes of the recent rise in food prices," decides that they are "beyond the control of any one State." "I don't know just what we can do, but we will certainly do something," the Mayor of New York told a committee of east side women who went to him yesterday to protest against prohibitive food prices.

After two years of sharply rising prices, that is as far as anybody has got in tackling the problem of the cost of living: "We must certainly do something."

Rioting is unseemly. If, however, Congress votes without delay \$100,000 for an exhaustive investigation of food prices by the Federal Trade Commission and the Department of Agriculture, food riots in this city will not have been wholly in vain.

As Senator Borah said yesterday in the Senate:

"Congress cannot adjourn so long as it is possible for us to be of any service in this deplorable situation."

"We want bread!" was the cry of the French revolutionists as they marched to Versailles. It is the most ominous cry that can be heard in a republic, and whatever is said in the effect of the war on prices, the fact remains these people are in large measure the victims of speculators and combinations which are milking millions out of food."

Congress can do more than finance a commission and listen to its findings. If Americans are to go on starving while enormous quantities of their home food products are held or shipped for more profitable sale in Europe, it will have to do more and promptly.

Embargoes may be no less unconvictional to American theory and practice than the arbitrary fixing of food prices. At the present moment, however, the United States is learning that it has to face certain facts and certain situations, even as other nations face them.

If Americans are worth saving they are worth feeding. It would be poor policy for their own Government to leave them at the mercy of exploiters.

"The Executive has a plain road to pursue, namely, to fulfill all the engagements which duty requires; be influenced beyond this by none of the contending parties; maintain a strict neutrality unless obliged by imperative circumstances to depart from it; do justice to all, and never forget that we are Americans."

GEORGE WASHINGTON,
Born February 22, 1732.

Letters From the People

It Is Correct.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
A says that a boy who is thirteen years of age, foreign born, and whose parents are not citizens of the United States, is a citizen of the United States, but cannot vote. B says that he isn't a citizen of the United States under those conditions. Please tell who is right.
S. M. I. B.

Not in Book Form.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
I would like to ask if "Facts Not Worth Knowing," which for some time were published in the New York Evening World, were ever published in book form. If so where can I procure the same.
J. B.

They Are Native Citizens.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Are the children born here of alien parents citizens; or does the fact that their father had not his second papers at the time of his death interfere with their citizenship in any way?
P. McCa.

Yes! Soon After War Began.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
Please let me know if a German submarine ever sank three British warships in the English Channel at one time.
H. H.

You Are a Citizen.
To the Editor of The Evening World:
My father is a foreigner. I am born here. Do I require citizen papers if I want to vote?
READER.



"FIRST IN WAR FIRST IN PEACE"



The Woman Who Never Fails

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

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ONE of the most remarkable examples of work well done which secured its greatest reward is that of the little woman who



"I saw this work and it is truly unusual. Those who know tell how 'two years ago Miss Ruth Royal, a Florida girl and native of that section, was appointed as teacher to the little school up at Cassia, Lake County."

"A truly rural school it was, seven miles from the nearest railroad, and its pupils were drawn from the neighboring farms. It had none of the advantages of the big city schools, with all the influence that they can bring to bear; none of the conveniences of Carnegie libraries, or teachers' meetings every day to stimulate interest or provide other facilities for study; it was just a little 'one-teacher school,' tucked away in an isolated district, continually as deep in the heart of the little woman who saw her duty and did it with loving care and consummate skill was a purpose to give to it a labor of love well done."

"Hearing of the Educational Department of the South Florida Fair,

"The heart is the only muscle which a man doesn't think worth exercising in his quest for perfect development."

One reason why there have been no great women explorers is probably because the average woman's life is devoted to the task of discovering the source of a man's grinch—and finding out whether it is located in his tooth, his soul, his digestion, his conscience or his vanity."

When you realize that it is what you put into marriage, not what you can get out of it, that counts, you have won the first handicap in the race for happiness."

No matter how angry a woman may be with her husband, nothing makes her so indignant as to have another woman agree with her that he is "a brute."

A woman wills as easily as a violet, under the cloud of a man's indifference; but give her just a little ardent devotion and she will blossom like a hardy geranium under a September sun."

The thing that makes a man strive hard for success is not so often the desire to inspire his friends with pride as to inspire his enemies with

catch the purpose of the teacher and work in the same spirit.

It is another incident exemplifying the question that if a man write a better sermon or even build a better mouse-trap than his neighbor the world will make a path to his door.

So the world has made a path to the door of this rural school teacher, and her work will be used as a shining precedent in all the schools of her State.

There are many women like that. Women who never stop for applause or encouragement, but get it all out of their own endeavors.

The so-called workers who play their part only in the limelight of labor rarely get any further than the footlights of fortune and their success is but temporary.

There are millions of them—the people who skin the surface only in their efforts. They are usually the poorly paid and rarely rise above a certain stratum.

But those like this little school teacher, whose labor is never lost, dive deeply in their work, unsatisfied until they have done the thing in the very best way.

They never fail because they will not recognize failure. It is good to reflect upon.

Success always crowns the efforts of the doer who does for the return of diligence rather than the winning of dollars.

Such women never fail, because they go on continually to get results rather than rewards. The children

she was persuaded to send the two years' work of herself and her children, more as a reward to them for good work and to stimulate endeavor, with no thought of daring to enter the list against the better equipped schools of the State.

"Little did she realize how those years of patient, loving work would be rewarded, against all the big and little schools and the high schools all over the State.

"And the best of it all is that Ruth Royal, up at Cassia, doesn't know that her school has won and is acknowledged as the best school of Florida in every department which is taught in schools of all classes."

It is certainly worth while that this little, obscure school teacher, unaided and unknown, secures a recognition she rightfully merits. Yet the greatest and finest thing about this teacher is that she worked not for a medal or a cup but for achievement—to accomplish the task that was put before her.

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The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"GIVE the children their supper."

"Mum," said Gertrude, the maid, "Mr. Jarr said he'd wait till you come home."

"Oh, never mind me," replied Mrs. Jarr. "I couldn't eat a thing! All I want is a cup of fresh tea."

Mr. Jarr was going to ask how about him, but forebore, and Gertrude hastened away.

"Yes," Mrs. Jarr went on: "I've been to the war relief bazaar with Clara Mudridge-Smith and Mrs. Stryver, and we had luncheon together, but I could hardly eat a thing, and I was so upset, because we wanted to get our fortunes told, and there was such a line of women crowding around the booth. Some people are so superstitious!"

"I'll tell your fortune if you'll cross my palm with silver," remarked Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, don't talk foolish," remarked Mrs. Jarr, as Gertrude came in with the tea. "You haven't the gift of second sight or anything of that sort, and this fortune teller had."

"Could she give you love charms, Mum?" asked Gertrude eagerly, for one of Gertrude's best was Claude, the fireman, who had been transferred to a distant district, and Gertrude longed for some strong and subtle charm to "wait her love back to Cassia," as Shakespeare says.

"I suppose so," said Mrs. Jarr. "We heard she was very wonderful," and Mrs. Jarr sipped her tea as though it also saved of the occult.

"Does she tell GOOD fortunes?" asked Gertrude. "Some of those gypsy women that come around won't tell you a good fortune for a quarter any more on account of the war. They want a dollar, especially if it's a good fortune about your sweetheart."

And Gertrude sighed to think of how the great struggle had added to the high cost of living. "I used to get splendid fortunes for a quarter," she went on, "but now for 50 cents they only want to tell you to beware of a dark-eyed woman and that you are going to have a journey across water for that much."

"My mother used to tell fortunes from tea leaves," remarked Mrs. Jarr, musingly, "and I believe I remember how."

"Would you tell mine, Mum?" asked Gertrude. "Please do!"

"Hold on with that psychic stuff till I get my colic, the cat!" cried Mr. Jarr. "You may have had something to eat, the children have had theirs, Gertrude may not be hungry, but before there's any seances around

Fifty Failures Who "Came Back"

By Albert Payson Terhune

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NO. 4.—**MOHAMMED.** The "Failure" Who Conquered the East.

AN epileptic Arab peasant—Mohammed by name—early in the seventh century announced that he had been chosen by heaven to convert the world to a brand new religion.

He backed this startling claim with a series of neat, hand-made miracles and spectacular epileptic fits and long trances.

By virtue of all this he made many converts to his new creed and prepared to set up a sort of spiritual government in his home city of Mecca.

The majority of the Mecca people looked on him as a crank or a faker.

After trying very industriously to kill Mohammed, they drove him and his converts out of the city. Then they chased the fugitives, who were obliged to scatter in order to avoid capture. Mohammed, himself, hid in a cave in the side of Mount Thaur, crouching in the farthest corner while his pursuers galloped past.

He was an outlaw, a fugitive, a man whose own townfolk had cast him forth. His plan to convert the East to his new religion and to establish himself as a prophet had fallen flat. At the age of fifty-two he was in hiding and was in momentary peril of death. Few men have been more complete failures in life than was Mohammed at this time, after all his years of fruitless toil and hope.

Yet he escaped his enemies and arrived at the palm-grove of Yathrib, in the Desert, where some of his scattered adherents joined him and where he founded the city of Medina. There the tide of fortune turned. New converts flocked to Mohammed in daily increasing numbers, hailing him as God's prophet and listening eagerly to his teachings.

Mohammed claimed that the angel Gabriel used to visit him during the trances which followed on his epileptic fits and that the angel at such times taught him portion after portion of the new religion. Afterward, Mohammed would dictate these "revelations" to his scribes, who copied them down in a book known as the Koran.

This book is more or less a hodge-podge, made up from the Christian and Hebrew scriptures. Occasionally its precepts were varied by some "revelation" that happened to fit in with Mohammed's own wishes or plans.

Arabia and the countries around it were, at that time, split up into little independent or dependent States, whose religion had ebbed to a lax form of heathenism. It was an ideal hour for Mohammed to enforce his own views on creed and conquest.

The faith of "Islam," as he called his religion, spread with incredible speed. It was eagerly adopted by thousands. And, when any State refused to accept the Islam beliefs, Mohammed led his horde of fanatics to preach his gospel at the sword-point.

To goad his troops to red-hot zeal, he had a "revelation" promising gaudy forms of Paradise to all who should die in defense of Islam. As a fanatic is the most dangerous of fighters, the Mohammedan hosts swiftly conquered the greater part of the Orient.

It was in 622 A. D. that Mohammed fled from Mecca—a failure whose very life was forfeit. (Mohammedan countries, by the way, date time from this heira—or flight—just as we date our time from the beginning of the Christian era.)

Ten years later, Mohammed was master of a goodly part of the East, and he numbered his adoring followers by the millions.

He had launched a new world-power—a power that did not stop with his death, but which has ever since dominated the Orient.

here I want my protein, y'understand?"

"Well, get Mr. Jarr his dinner, Gertrude," said Mrs. Jarr with an "We'll-humor-him" expression. "and I will see what the tea leaves say."

"And I'd like my steak unburned and my coffee good and hot, y'understand," remarked Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, yes, sir," said Gertrude, and prepared to hasten away.

Mrs. Jarr, seeing her so eager in anticipation of consulting the fates, called her back. "And make beaten biscuits, Gertrude," she said, "and after you clean up your dishes be sure to polish the silver and scald out the ice box and give the paint work in the kitchen a going over. Then we will be all readied up, and I will see what the tea leaves say for you."

"Yes, Mum," said the delighted Gertrude, and a few moments later could be heard carolling in the kitchen.

"Will you have a cup of tea?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Dinner will be some time yet."

"Tea?" cried Mr. Jarr, recoiling. "The cup that cheers but does not

inebriate, alas! A brew of woods, made partly palatable by sugar and cream. Tea, the cause of 'nerves' in women, and 'nerves' that are the cause of fault finding? Tea, a decoction that inspires those addicted to it with the belief that they have nothing to wear? Tea, that bitteth like a computer, and rouses dormant memories or imaginary wrongs in the minds of women? Not for me, I shall shun the cup!"

"How foolish you talk!" declared Mrs. Jarr. "It would be a good thing for everybody if you took to tea and shunned other cups I could mention. Why, look, my even suggesting I'd tell Gertrude's fortune with tea leaves has changed her whole nature. If I had first suggested her doing the things she's willing to do now, she'd be sulking."

"But can you tell fortunes?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Fortunes from tea leaves?"

"As well as anybody," replied Mrs. Jarr. "At least I can tell Gertrude a lot of things she wants to know, and a lot of good advice that she must be industrious and contented. That's right, smile! You don't believe in anything sacred!"

Mothers of American Patriots

By Lafayette McLaws

No. 1—Mary Ball, Mother of Washington.

TO understand the matter-of-fact manner in which George Washington, pushing aside a crown, refused a third term as President and returned to his inherited position as a prosperous American planter, one must study the life of his mother.

Mary Ball, the daughter of Colonel Joseph Ball by his second wife, had attained the then ripe age of twenty-two when she became the second wife of Augustine Washington. At Wakefield, their plantation home on the Potomac, Feb. 22, 1732, was born Mary Ball's eldest son. A few days later this baby was christened and given the name of George as a token of affectionate gratitude to Major George Lockridge, Mary Ball's guardian.

The death of her husband some twelve years later left Mary Washington with four sons and two daughters of her own and two sons of Augustine Washington's first wife. Young, handsome and the mistress of a comfortable fortune, she might have been a life of social gaiety, and indeed she elected to devote herself to her fatherless children.

Unlike her neighbors and relatives, she prepared her sons to earn their own living. It was she who cast the mind of George Washington in its great mould. It was she who formed

his habit of scrupulous perseverance, unswerving courage and care for minute detail.

"All I am," declared the Father of his country, writing of his mother while he was President, "I owe to her."

Always a busy woman during the Revolution, Mary Washington formed the habit of knitting incessantly. Everywhere she went, indoors or out, her knitting needles flashed swiftly making stockings for patriot-soldiers.

On learning of the surrender of Cornwallis, she fervently thanked God, but not one word did she say about the part her eldest son had played in winning the much desired end of the high rank he had attained.

And never did she refer to him other than as "George." It is to the mother and simple democracy of this most eminent of American mothers that we owe our form of government. By her example as well as her precepts she trained her eldest son to become the foremost man of his age, the most adored of all Americans for all time.

LEAD PENCILS are not lead-pencils at all, but graphite pencils. They bear the misleading name because leaden plumb-lines were used for ruling faint lines on paper before the discovery of large graphite mines in Cumberland, England.